Theological Seminary,

THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

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THE LOVE THAT WILL NOT LET ME GO!

O Love, that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul on thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light, that followed all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy, that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Love, that lifted up thy head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

—Geo. Matheson.

THE PACIFIC

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2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

Some Observations by the Editor.

The Pacific Northwest is going ahead with great strides. It is growth, growth, growth, everywhere. This is especially noticable in Seattle where a good sized portion of the city is either being cut down or filled in and so made over. The people of Seattle long ago made up their minds that a great city was to be upbuilt on Elliott Bay and they are seeing to it with remarkable energy.

An Enterprising Citizen.

Perhaps no other one person is doing quite so much toward making Seattle a great city as Mr. James Moore who has recently entered into agreement to build the long-talked-of canal from salt water into Lake Washington. It was Mr. Moore who laid out a few years ago the fine residence district on capitol hill; and only a few weeks ago he paid $320,000 for 80 acres near the grounds of the State University, and platted and put on the market what is the most up-to-date addition to any city on the Pacific coast. Sewers and gas, and water connections are to be put in the alleys; electric wires are to be there also and underground, and the streets are to be of asphalt. The plan is all in all to put this University Park addition under such restrictions as will make it highly attractive to persons desiring to live near a great university. It is not surprising that two hundred thousand dollars worth of lots sold the first day the tract was on the market and while it was still covered with great fir trees.

As we write we recall with pleasure an evening spent in the home of Mr. Moore and the hearty interest with which he listened to the story of the needs of The Pacific. In a minute after the subject was broached he made it evident that the appeal was not to be given a deaf ear, and so made easy the full presentation of the case.

The demands of the railroads for entrance and terminal facilities in Seattle have made it necessary for business to push out into what was until recently a residence district and property that was worth a year or two ago from five to ten thousand dollars is selling for prices ranging from fifty thousand to an hundred thousand. A large number of people in moderate circumstances in life have profited considerably by this change and advance. Two lots which were bought six years ago for $6,000 have sold for $165,000.

Some of the Seattle Churches.

Among the valuable down-town properties at the present time is that of Plymouth Congregational Church, one hundred by one hundred and twenty feet, which can be sold for $300,000.

The church may conclude that it is wise to sell. But if sale should be made it will build not very far away, for other desirable localities are being well cared for Congregationally by other flourishing organizations.

The new house of worship of the Pilgrim Church is a beautiful one and there is fine promise of a strong and influential church, one which not a few think will in a few years be equal in every way to Plymouth. The Rev. Dr. E. L. Smith has laid excellent foundations there, and has builded himself into all our Congregational interests in Seattle and throughout the whole state. It is not surprising that his church desires his return to them after his year abroad.

It was gratifying to the present writer to note the splendid condition of the work of the University Church in Seattle under the direction of the Rev. H. C. Mason. Thought went back to the time when as its first pastor it had been possible to lead the church through a great financial difficulty and save it—in its choice location near what was destined to be a great university—for Congregationalism. Let the good work that is being done there now go on for a few years and that church will be one of the most influential in Washington.

A Splendid Work at Everett.

No work in the state of Washington speaks more forcibly for itself than that at Everett. The people of our church are to be congratulated. In a year and a half under the leadership of the Rev. J. R. Knodell, the church at Everett transplanted itself from an out-of-the-way location to a central and commanding one and housed itself in one of the most attractive edifices on the coast.

The Rev. Mr. Smith, recently of St. Paul, who takes charge there this week, enters a field of large opportunity.

Advancement in Spokane.

As we write these lines we are sitting in a room in Spokane surrounded on all sides for considerable distance by fine brick buildings. Just twenty years ago this hand was pushing a pencil on a daily paper in the same city surrounded principally by a few unpretentious frame buildings. The population was 4,000 then; now it is 80,000. The First Congregational Church worshipped then in a little frame building costing only a few hundred dollars. Now, known as Westminster, it worships in a handsome stone structure and is a great influence for good in the city and throughout that vast agricultural and mining country of which it is a part.

Although the vacation time had not yet passed the congregation was such last Sunday morning as to nearly fill its large auditorium, and fourteen persons were welcomed into its fellowship by the Rev. Dr. Wallace who leaves after one Sunday more to enter on the pastorate of the First Church of Toledo, Ohio. Seven years of faithful work are ending. Well may pastor and people be reluctant to part! Earnestly, persuasively, has the gospel been preached by Dr. Wallace, and his work and influence here will abide. He who shall succeed him will find here in

Spokane an open door to usefulness. Here, on these plains, between the two great mountain ranges there is being built up a great city. It will be the Minneapolis of the far West; or considering the mineral possibilities, the Denver perhaps.

And everywhere, all over our great and busy land, men need to hear the voice of the preacher calling them to lives of unselfishness and of Christ-like service. Blessed he who here in this influential church in the growing city of Spokane shall have the privilege of pointing men and women to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

Walla Walla's Promise and Crown.

The ride from Spokane to Walla Walla, for considerable of the distance, indicates in part why this region of country is called "The Inland Empire." Great fields of grain show that the first great fundamental of prosperity, a rich and extensive area of agricultural land, is found there. It is this especially that gives solidity and stability to the little city of Walla Walla, with its 20,000 people, and assures it a prosperous future. It is as President Hill of the Great Northern Railway said a few days ago in an address: the time will come when our mines will cease giving forth their great wealth; but the soil, if it is wisely used, and not impoverished, will remain ever a mine of great richness.

No one can survey the rich country around Walla Walla and conclude that that city has yet come to her own. Both without and within Walla Walla has that which will make her more and more as the years go on the pride of a wide reach of rich country.

Whitman College has already made her an important educational center; and this institution which devoted men and women have already brought to so great usefulness, will become a much greater and more wide-spread influence for good with the passing years. What Dr. Pearsons and others have already done for it, and more too, will be done by others in the future, and Whitman College will become the most precious gem in Walla Walla's crown.

It was a pleasure for the present writer to spend a little time in the homes of its president and some of its professors and to note the indications everywhere of that spirit and atmosphere which make for the best things in life.

It has been said concerning the college in general: "It is to the credit of the college that it increases a man's earning capacity. But it is to the glory of the college that it does more than this. "The college not only fits a man to get a better living, but it fits him the better to live. Here is the highest value of the college course, that it contributes to life. The better living counts for much, but the better life counts for more. I praise the man who makes a good living, but I take off my hat to the man who makes a large and good life—a life that challenges criticism and awakens admiration, a life that stands out well proportioned and symmetrical, a life fruitful in good deeds and benign influences, a life socially efficient."

It is this that Whitman College is doing today under President Penrose and his able and consecrated helpers.

While in Walla Walla the writer of these observations picked up a recent copy of the Atlantic Monthly and read in "The Confessions of an Obscure Teacher," whose average salary for twenty years had been only $1400, these wholesome inspiring thoughts: "Does not the wisdom of life consist in knowing how to spend rather than in knowing how to earn? The salary does look pitiful, but I insist that life has not been as meagre as the salary. It may be that I have an undue pharisaic complacency, but I confess that as I come in contact with the busy money-makers about me I do not envy them. They talk sometimes as though they envied me, though I question their sincerity. Yet could their insight be penetrating enough to place the correct valuation upon my content, I am sure their envy would be real. I would not object to having their income, but my soul protests against paying the price they pay." And then this teacher whose rich content ought to put to shame many a grumbler along life's pathway said: "If I cannot afford to buy a sumptuous library I need not pine, for the books worth reading are in cheap editions, and they are not numerous. But if I do have the book-loving hankering after the latest and the best editions of the new and old, I can indulge it at no expense to myself, for I am a member of the library committee. As such I help to buy a large number of books each year. I get as much pleasure in selecting and handling these new books as does the millionaire who adds to his private collection. At least, I cannot see how he could have more. And for the reading of them I am sure I have more time than the average millionaire." And finally in his confessions this humble teacher came to this conclusion: "If the pleasures of life are in the free and generous play of the domestic affections, in the possession of health of body and soul, in labor in which self-interest is not the be-all and end-all, in feeling that one's life, though in a humble way, is a part of the great forward movement of the social body, I know of no other occupation which I could follow that would afford better opportunities for the attainment of those simple and immortal joys."

In Whitman College there are high ideals. It is there that young men and young women are learning that self-interest is not the end-all and be-all in life, it is there that foundations for the best living are being laid, and so we say that Walla Walla's richest gem is and ever will be in her college. Blessed they who having an abundance of this world's goods shall realize it and shall help to push the college on to still greater usefulness.

The heart of the Editor goes out in gratitude to Rev. Austin Rice, the pastor of the Congregational Church at Walla Walla, whose kindness and attention made it possible for him in a brief stay in that city to enter into the acquaintance and friendship of so many of the people, and to carry away some of the fragrance of the beautiful spirit so widely prevalent there. The music of the brook that flows by the home of this pastor and wife is suggestive of the music which their lives are making there in the city where it has been given them to work for seven years. As the music of the brook led the weary traveler away into sweet sleep, and as it goes on its ministry, so may their lives go on leading many to that rest which is found only in him who long ago said to the weary and heavy laden, "Come and I will give you rest." For him all hearts were created, and all are restless till they rest in him.

Next week we shall have something concerning Oregon, in which state there has also been great advancement during the last two years.

THE ROYAL WAY

By Charles E. Chase.

The prophet, whatever his time, lives in advance of the race. Jesus belonged to a past far remote, but, toward the realization of his plan of life the future still invites. "Come unto Me" is ever before, never abreast, never behind us. Not then alone from the historical past, only in part from the living present, but always from the future comes the inspiring invitation, from Him who coming with all grace and beauty out of His past, found no welcome in His present, and who was thrust by the sharp instrument of a cross into His future.

Now it seems, especially so in such a time as this, that men, whatever else they desire, or think, or do, should be certain of the main path in true religion. Inviting by-paths there may be of less, and some of no importance, but of the main course, of the highway, men ought to feel sure. Such a course exclusive of evil and inclusive of good there must be else we are compelled to witness unity and order in all realms but the highest.

Such premise is of course unthinkable. One general way of life must be right, and therefore the imperial way. There is one law of gravitation, one of motion, one of light, and whatever we do with these is done by law absolute and inexorable. But in moral and spiritual realms is there no law as absolute to be trusted? No liberty of belief allows a variable conduct in the employment of electricity. What it writes it leaves written, what it requires is imperative. The magnetic needle is not subject to any man's counsel. Is there no law of conduct, no principle for daily life equally exacting? Is there no main path and no light to shine upon it?

A main path, or royal way, there must be, and it first appears as this: All good, all righteousness, all to be desired in character for manliness, all comfort, encouragement, strength and grace are concrete in Jesus Christ. These things enter life alone through personality and Jesus of Nazareth is the person through whom they come. Therefore whatever is of him is of life, whatever does not so come is without life. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life. This is the law which simplifies life and clears the vision, a law as exacting, likewise as beneficent as that of gravitation or of light. If men now, in the complex experience of these days, come to realize in practice what they have so long held in theory concerning this they will observe all fogs lifting from the way of life. The Lord God is a Sun, so veiled that our eyes can endure his radiance by the mediation of Christ, whose hand takes ours to lead us along the solitary yet sufficient highway leading to His Throne.

Is it not true then that the words of our Lord, "Come unto me," containing as they do so much of comfort for the trying hour, mean also to exhibit a great life principle, and show us all where and how to find sufficient answer to the great questions that persistently come nearest? Questions, such as these: "What is life, what is worth while, what is our true relation to each other, to God, to time, and to eternity? Why, who can tell, who can know and so be able to explain, except the perfect One whom God sent after the partial speaking, after the monosyllables of the prophets, to pronounce the final word of redemption and become our way, our truth, and our life?

Now with the future so charged with the word of Christ what is its message to men of the present? To men who have already heard and obeyed, and already in some measure achieved, what does the future say more? To men standing now between the purple twilight of the present, and red dawn of the future, what is the further call?

There is a forward view which reveals the possible choice of three ways in life. Two of these are shadowed and short, one is luminous and far. One is the way of the pessimist with his logic of despair which only arrives at the survival of the unfit. Another is the way of the Sphinx, the way of doubt which at length atrophies every worthy power, and the last is the royal way of Christian optimism, the main path in true religion. When well set in it one may surely trust the voice that says, "Turn not to the right nor to the left, nor lose a jot of heart or hope, but move right onward."

Why not choose the first way? Because reason is absent and in its future there is no Jesus saying, "Come." Why not select the second? Again because reason is absent, and again because the voice of Jesus, voices of the comrades of Jesus and all great souls, are never once heard in this path. Here only are doubt, unfaith, questions without answer, palsied speech, insufferable silence; and here hope, longings, all true and fond desire, meet but to perish and to mingle with insensate dust.

Why, then, choose the third way? Because it is the one true way and ordered of God who laid its course, set its boundaries, and determined its end. Along this way society if it so elect, may move to highest destiny, that fine order of life outlined and dimly foreseen by Isaiah, God' great citizen in Israel, and proclaimed at last as the happy heritage of all who believe, by Jesus the universal Prince of Peace. It is the one way of true democracy and leads to the time when trained faculties shall displace brute force, when war shall literally be no more. It leads to the new Era, the sovereignity of the good, the time when the gentle strong shall inherit the earth. Toward such a time and unto such experience the future invites the present to move along the royal way.

It is ever the Lord's own invitation. No experience of history, no change in the purpose of Providence eliminates the Divine Person. Still lives the Master's word with all its emphasis of personality—"Come unto Me." And the invitation too is not as a mirage of the desert which allures but to disappoint the famishing traveler, but rather does it come as from a fountain whose limpid music is already heard, whose spray already cools the fevered brow.

But it should be remembered now as always that there is no right hearing of this call from the future that does not require living on highest levels here and now. When, indeed, does the future begin? If as one says, we live in the sky and not under it, may we not also feel that the future is likewise near. The past is indeed gone; and that too not as an ocean to be white with other sails when ours have reached their port, but altogether gone. The present is here, long in coming, soon to go, here for brief salutation and farewell, but the future arrives! Here it is, rising just at hand. If we call it opportunity, grasp it now, for in another moment it is lost in the flood. If we call it a day, be sure it is a day to be used in the service of Him who gave it. If we call it a book for record of our lives, remember the page before us and all the pages to which we turn are now spotless. It

is in largest part ours to determine how they shall appear when we have done with them.

So it appears that the message of the **Gospel Come,** interpreted as a message from the future to the present, is in substance and summary this: Come to Jesus in personal allegiance, with whatever change in mental attitude and conduct this involves. Choose to follow the main path which is the way of Christ realized in a life of obedience and love. Choose the Christ trained faculties with spiritually educated moral sense. Know that a Christ trained, a Jesus loving mind, a superior character, is the most powerful force at work in the world. The good shall surely dominate the earth. Be good therefore, and share the royalty of virtue and real worth. So live that now and onward you may receive with largeness and give with plentitude the riches that have no sorrows with them, and thus in every step of life be manifest as travelers familiar with the King's Highway.

"Come unto Me"—So is the Lord ever before the race and this is his constant invitation; this also is the light he spreads from His radiant Throne over the Royal Way of Life.

** Matthew xi: 28.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

A Trophy of Grace.

Soon after the war, a little colored girl was brought to my New Jersey birthplace from Richmond. Slavery had brought her no culture. She was a pleasant little Topsy, ignorant, and in a cupboard full of attractions for a hungry child as irresponsible as a young animal. She did not know how to speak the truth. But firmness and kindness soon won her confidence. Her natural gentle and loving spirit blossomed under kindness. She took her place in a Christian family. Her Saviour, who was a man of color, called her to be one of His disciples, and she heard His compelling and kindling voice. She confessed Him in one of the churches He loved and favored. Friends became her friends. But for a brave young fireman she might have lived among the flowers of California. He deserved her. He won her.

They have had a happy home in the suburbs of the growing city, and boys and girls have come to make them glad, she opened her heart and home to a dying kinswoman, trying to save whose life, she has given up her own. Many mourn her. There were as many white as colored at her funeral. White ministers officiated. It was a white soul that was departed from the neighborhood. She has blushed the last time at the epithet "a colored person." She has gone where she wont hear it any more. Flowers come from her grave to our table and are fragrant of worthy memories and California can spare flowers to Minnesota prairies as well as to Kentucky hills. Come Lord Jesus teach all our brethren not to despise thy brown or yellow brethren for them hast thou died as for us. "Wherefore He is not ashamed to be called their God for He hath built for them a city."

Congress Springs Saloon.

The words do not look well together do they? Waters beautiful, wholesome and sparkling as any which flow from the famous springs of the great New York Spa, do not need the attractions of the California road house to make them popular. Yet there are some, yea many, mistaken souls who think so. Men who talk of other things reasonably, say we of Saratoga are cruel and cranky to deny our neighbor the privilege of selling liquor on his premises. They forget the new fashion of the times. Forget that even in Louisville, Kentucky, in the very home of old Bourbon whiskey, Colonel Ritchie has conducted a hotel which has paid better than it has paid before or since. They fail to appreciate what Long Beach, Pasadena, Pomona, Redlands, Morgan Hill, Palo Alto, and many other California towns have proved that a liquor bar is a sure bar against progress and true prosperity wherever it is found. And men as good as our Board of Supervisors have not all learned to lead toward temperance. The most that a strong protest of property owners and intelligent voters could do against a list largely of foreign petitioners, was to get a delay of action for a month. What a poor start for a little road house with a few rooms near, run as a hotel, calling itself a hotel, would be its alienation of the oldest, strongest, most prosperous neighbors! Is there no sane pioneer among the new and nobler order of Bonifaces among the Southern California landlords who can come up and teach our northern people the better way? The good cause in the South will only go on the faster if its successes are promulgated and preached. Meanwhile Saratoga argues, pleads, prays and looks toward the morning. How the war is going we have no fear. "The saloon is hell and hell is to go down before heaven. This battle may go against us, but the war will go against the votaries of rum. Friends pray on. If you have any weapon in your armory for us, in God's name use it.

A FOREWORD ABOUT THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION.

The 50th General Association of the Congregational churches of Northern California will convene Oct. 2-5 at San Jose. The provisional committee is organizing the program about the thought of a half century of service, and it is hoped that a heavy emphasis may be laid upon the facts of our denominational career. During the fifty years of California's vivid and rapid history our churches have exerted powerful influence, and in the moral life of the coast no body of men has expressed greater power than the strong ministers and laymen who have been leaders in our denomination. As Congregationalists it will do our churches good to realize that, though independent organizations, they belong to an order whose history is rich and inspiring. To see what we have done will strengthen us to do the work that yet lies before us.

The San Jose Church is planning largely for the entertainment and comfort of delegates, and in addition to provision made for official delegates. it will provide places of entertainment as inexpensively as possible for all who wish to attend the Association at their own expense. Our churches should plan for a notable gathering at this our 50th Annual Meeting.

RETURNING TO WORK.

Rev. J. R. Knodell, who has been making his home in Berkeley for the last four months, has gone north to preach in the Hasslo Street Congregational Church in Portland, Oregon, for three or four Sundays. Mr. Knodell has regained his health and is going back into the pulpit again. We are glad for Mr. Knodell, and hope he may soon find the church he seeks.

THE BAY ASSOCIATION.

O. G. May.

The forty-eighth meeting of the Bay Association of Congregational churches and ministers was held in the Market Street Church, Oakland, on the afternoon and evening of Tuesday of this week.

The general subject was a fraternal enquiry of what was hopeful and encouraging in the present condition of the churches. It was called the "What cheer meeting."

Sixteen of the nineteen churches of the Association were represented and gave very cheerful reports of their respective fields since the great fire.

Although many of the members of these churches suffered severely in the great disaster in April, yet the finances of the churches in general, are in good shape. The home expenses are promptly met and the benevolent offerings larger than ever before. Especially is this true of the offerings for Foreign Missions; the churches having given considerably more than their share to raise the million dollars desired for that cause this year.

There has been quite an increase in membership lately; partly owing to the influx of church people from across the Bay.

Dr. Adams gave a very encouraging report of the First and Fourth churches of San Francisco, which were so terribly stricken by earthquake and fire. Both of these churches are rallying wonderfully and will soon be holding services again in their restored churches on their old sites. They are gradually gathering in the funds for this purpose from their insurance and the generous contributions of their own members and outside friends.

The Sunset Church and Sunday-school was also reported by the acting pastor, Rev. Mr. Baer, as holding regular services which are well attended.

Prof. Nash reported the Seminary at Berkeley as being in a very encouraging condition. There is a good attendance of students, and an increased measure of cooperation with the seminaries of other denominations in the general work of instruction. This results in a great saving to the different seminaries and in an increased growth of fraternity and fellowship.

Rev. Walter Frear presented an interesting statement of the history and condition of The Pacific and made an earnest plea for a more general interest and support of the paper by the churches. It seems that the life of The Pacific has always depended upon the devoted, self-denying service of one or two men, instead of the denomination generally, as should be the case with a denominational paper.

A more general distribution of the stock of the Pacific Publishing Company among the churches, and, if possible, among the benevolent societies would result in a greater interest in the paper; give it more stability and widen its circulation and usefulness.

The supper and social hour in the parlors of the church, were fully up to the usual high standard of good cheer and fellowship which are such a delightful characteristic of the meetings of the Association.

In the evening, the address by Rev. J. K. Harrison, on the subject, "What Cheer in Northern California," and the address by Rev. Raymond C. Brooks on "Congregationalism and its Opportunity," were both of them, masterly and inspiring. The entire program was very fitting to the times, and the meeting a most delightful and profitable one.

WHAT IS THE AIM OF THE COFFEE CLUB?

The Coffee Club is not a new idea or adventure in the attempt to do good for the weak, the tempted and the straying. It is comparatively new in California, and was copied from the efforts to help in other lands. Since coming here it has added some new features in the working out of the aims and the purposes of the local promoters.

In so far as the purposes of the promoters of the Coffee Club in California have led them to diverge from the original plan, (as seen in England and Australia, where there are many of them carried on simply as a business venture), the organization is a new thing, and one that is destined, we hope, to develop as it progresses into a power for good. We trust also that it will have an influence that will be recognized by those interested in removing temptation out of the way of any who are easily tempted. We believe further that it will be felt by those whose greed leads them into a business that is morally wrong, though legalized by the false legislation of our land.

The aim of the Coffee Club is to aid a man to be a man. To free him as far as possible from the evil that is too strong for him to overcome alone. To remove out of his path the seeming necessity of entering the place of temptation. To provide for him a better place as a substitute. To surround him with an influence that is pure, elevating, ennobling. To provide a place where a man, be he rich or poor, a stranger in a strange land, a man without a home, a lodger in a dingy room, or a resident in our populous cities, can come and get a cup of coffee and a sandwich, or a light lunch, and go on his way refreshed. Or a place where he can sit and rest a while, and read the papers and magazines, or play a game of chess, or checkers, or dominoes, or other innocent game. A place where he can meet his friend by appointment, or meet friends if he is in need of advice, encouragement and sympathy. A place where he will not only be stimulated in body, but refreshed with good cheer. A place where he can satisfy his natural desire for companionship, and sociability, and where he can find someone to talk to when gloom has settled heavy, when fog is thick, and when the way is dark. A place for those for whom no fog-horn is sounding, no light is shining, no signal warning. A place, when faith is at low ebb, and hope fails, to hold from drifting, so that when the "don't care" spirit is driving before a stiff gale, and resolution and courage, and all that makes a man a man are below par, he can give his troubled manhood a rallying place where the scattered forces of his better nature can re-form to the unequal battle against the wrong. This is much needed when a man is alone in the midst of a multitude, driven to the wall and does not know which way to turn.

A substitute for the saloon? Yes, a substitute with a pure wholesome atmosphere, pure from the foul, sour smell of lager beer, or the fumes of alcohol and tobacco. Where conversation will not be polluted with oaths, obscene stories, and degrading remarks. Where no vile pictures will be displayed to suggest impure thoughts, and fire and arouse the passions and appetites. Where there will be no bad companionship to plot against the innocent, to lie in wait to shed blood, to scheme to defraud and plunder. Where there will be no plans laid to entice into dark alleys and darker pitfalls; to strike hands in unholy alliance, to drug the victim that must ever after cry

out with a painted face "Unclean, Unclean," and who may never more mingle with the pure, but be doomed to walk the streets in shame, or hide away behind the lurid light in some festering spot of lost womanhood, only to escape thence into the deep, dark, unbridged chasm of eternal loss.

Come, then, you who love your fellow men, and who love righteousness, let us have the Coffee Club instead of the saloon. Let us reach a helping hand to the brother that is sinking in the mire, and lift him up, one step at a time, if no faster, until he loves the higher atmosphere. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me."

We have no Coffee Club in operation in San Francisco yet, although the San Francisco Coffee Club Association leased a lot and have been struggling against adverse conditions, to erect a building for the purpose on the lot.

"The California State Coffee Club Association" was organized during the last C. E. Convention at Berkeley for the purpose of aiding in establishing Coffee Clubs throughout the state.

Yours in the work,

San Francisco, Cal. P. T. Shufleton, Secretary.
California State C. C. Association.

THE MINISTERS' MEETING.

The paper by Rev. H. B. Mowbray on the Sunday-school, its problems and opportunity, was felt by all to be timely and helpful. The difficulty of getting and holding the attention of the child, and introducing him to things spiritual was recognized. One spoke of a weekly meeting with the children as a plan which he had tried for several years and prized highly. The great importance of the cooperation of the parents in the home was insisted on. The need of better deportment, of a more reverent spirit on the part of the scholars, and of more study of the lesson at home was mentioned. One gave this hopeful word: We are gradually raising up a new type among our young people, and we are going to have an improved quality in our Sunday-school teaching. Prof. Nash is appointed to give the paper next week.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, having at their last meetng in harmony with the spirit of Union and Federaton manifested at Mt. Hermon and expressed by Bishop Bell in his address, appointed a committee to make any necessary changes in the Constitution or By Laws; the brethren voted, "That all pastors of the United Brethren and Methodist Protestant churches, within sixty miles of San Francisco will be welcomed as members of this body; and all other ministers of these denominations will be received on recommendation.'

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Pacific Grove, Mayflower.—Rev. J. H. Goodell, pastor, is spending a month's vacation with friends in the Bay cities. Sunday, Aug. 26th the Mayflower people got in line on the "Million Dollar" proposition. "The Field is the World," was the theme of Dr. Goodell's interest-awakening sermon. Two large maps in colors, enabled the large congregation to trace the dark places the world over, to be made white by the light of the gospel. A special offering for the work of the A. B. C. F. M. from the congregation and Sunday school was received, amounting to $172, or $1.70 per resident member.

MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

Program for the Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific and The Woman's Home Missionary Union of Northern California, Wednesday, Sept. 19, 1906. First Congregational Church, Oakland.

10:30 a. m.—Praise Service, Mrs. H. E. Jewett.
10:45 a. m.—Election of Officers, W. B. M. P.

Reports of Officers.

10:55 a. m.—Recording Secretary, W. B. M. P., Mrs. S. F. Bufford.
11:05 a. m.—Recording Secretary, W. H. M. U., Mrs. Wm. Rader.
11:10 a. m.—Home Secretary, W. B. M. P., Mrs. W. J. Wilcox.
11:15 a. m.—Corresponding Secretary, W. H. M. U., Mrs. E. S. Williams.
11:25 a. m.—Branch Secretary, W. B. M. P., Mrs. H. E. Jewett.
11:30 a. m.—Box Superintendent, W. H. M. U., Mrs. C. S. Nash.
11:40 a. m.—Foreign Secretary, W. B. M. P., Mrs. C. W. Farnum.
12:00 a. m.—Treasurer, W. H. M. U., Mrs. J. M. Haven.
12:05 p. m.—Election of Officers, W. H. M. U.

Lunch.

Afternoon.

1:30 p. m.—The King's Messengers, Mrs. F. B. Perkins.
1:45 p. m.—In memoriam of Miss Maude Piper, Mrs. R. C. Brooks.
1:55 p. m.—Offering.
2:00 p. m.—Treasurer's Report, W. B. M. P., Miss Mary McClees.
2:15 p. m.—Educational Work for Women in Japan, Dr. Holbrook.
2:30 p. m.—Hymn.
2:35 p. m.—Home Missions, Rev. C. R. Brown.
3:05 p. m.—From Victory to Victory, Rev. W. H. Hopkins.
3:15 p. m.—Greetings from Japan, Dr. Ritter.

Adjournment.

NOTES FROM THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION AT MT. HERMON.

The life of Christ is the most conspicuous fact in history and the study of it is an act of worship.—Dr. Willett.

You are ready, the lesson is ready, but is the childs mind ready? Find an approach; a point of contact. Make "a nest for the thoughts."—Miss Brockway.

"The kingdom of God" was a phrase always on the lips of the Jews; but Christ took the familiar expression, divested of its old meaning and infused it with a new.—Dr. Willett.

The superintendent ought to be a trained Bible student. He is the superintendent of the teachers. He must be able to command "team work," and for this reason he cannot superintend a Sunday-school without a teachers' meeting.—Dr. Shepherd.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

By I. Learned.

Since writing you last the affairs of the Puget Sound Academy have been entirely closed up and $7,500 has been received from the school district of Snohomish, who have rearranged the building somewhat and placed within it their High School with the magnificent grounds of the Academy surrounding it. All the indebtedness of the Academy has been liquidated and everything has been settled ready for the return to the makers the endowment notes which were received, which will be settled for during the coming week. A small cash balance is held in reserve in the bank of Snohomish to the order of the treasurer lest something that has not been thought about or been overlooked should come up. This can be forwarded promptly if anything of that kind should arise. After holding this a sufficient length of time it will probably be disposed of to reimburse those who have made advances and perhaps send an additional sum to the Educational Society.

We are enjoying here a visit in the state from your editor who is in Seattle today as I write. He plans to return to San Francisco before many days.

Whitman College opens on the 11th inst., and the Convocation address is to be delivered by Rev. Daniel V. Poling, of The Dalles. It is expected that a larger number of students will be in attendance than ever at any time previous and we may expect a very prosperous year for the college if in some way more money can be secured for it's further endowment and to meet the deficits that arise there as in other growing schools and institutions. It may be hoped that some of our friends in the state may be able to provide some means which may add to the resources of the college.

Mr. Guy Dick, who has been acting as pastor for our church at Tolt and handling the work there in a very admirable way has resigned now his charge there with the purpose of going forward with further study in preparation for the work of the gospel ministry in his future life. He goes now to Whitman College to study for the year and expects to proceed with such studies as the college can furnish during a series of years and later prepare through some of our theological seminaries for a larger and still larger life work than he has been able to do. Mr. Dick is a very fine young man of large natural ability and with a good deal of general equipment already for this work and it is expected that he will be able to take up some of the church work in and about Walla Walla during his term of study. He is a young man capable of doing very much for the interest of the young people whom he gathers about him.

Supt. Greene of the Sunday School Society recently met our missionary Hershner who has charge of the Sunday-school work on the north bank of the Columbia river, where towns are growing up in connection with the new line of the railway, and found a way by which a lot could be secured at Stevenson, the county seat of Skamania county, for the shelter of future Christian work in that community. There has been a chapel there of another denomination for a series of years but no church organization, nothing further than a Sunday-school has ever been carried on there except occasionally a sermon from some frequenting minister. We shall plan at a later day to inaugurate the Christian work at that place, but it has been thought best to forestall the increase in price and value of land by securing a lot at this time.

At Lyle we are having a difficult time to get a footing, for while there are many people who are interested in Christian work there and in a Sunday-school, which is already established, there is no place of meeting in the community save a private house. The little railway running from Lyle on the Columbia river to Goldendale, has seemingly possessed itself of all the surrounding real estate and refuses to put its lots or land upon the market so that the growth of the town is hindered and no place can be had within any central location for either day school or Sunday-school, so we are doing the best we can with a private house and yet we hope after patient waiting for a while longer that there may be some way provided so that the Sunday-school may find shelter there.

We have had recently a very enjoyable meeting at Pilgrim Church to which were invited all the ministers of the city of Seattle and surrounding sections and we had the further privilege of meeting in delightful fellowship several of the ministers from the eastern part of the state or those who were temporarily camping or otherwise. It was a pleasure to those of us who had been here longer to meet also Rev. E. Victor Biglow, of Lowell, Mass., a son of one of the members of Plymouth Church of long standing. Mr. Victor Biglow was brought up in Seattle, attended our common schools and State University and was at Yale Seminary with those men who came to Washington as the Yale band twelve or fourteen years ago. We were delighted to see the large development which had come to Mr. Biglow and to note the high position which he has taken in the work in the East. His four Sabbaths of supply at Plymouth Church were enjoyed very much by the good people of Plymouth.

Our Spannaway work has been taken up by Rev. Dr. Whittaker, who will carry on that work, supplying eighty years, who will carry on that work, supplying the preaching services for that little body of Christians during the coming winter. Both he and Mrs. Whittaker have become very much interested in the people of that community and Superintendent Greene, who visited that church on a recent Sabbath was very much interested in the ability shown to gather up the little congregation there that included in the Sunday-school here a Bible class of some fifteen members. It is expected that on his concluding his work, perhaps about next April, that it will be taken up by Rev. Edwin More now of Roy.

The Washington State Association meets on the 18th of September at Walla Walla. The programs are just out now and the sermon will be preached by Rev. Wm. Orr Wark instead of Dr. George R. Wallace, who has left the state for his new work in Toledo, Ohio. After the close of the Association on Thursday, the 20th, a minister's retreat is supposed to gather at the same place, the program of which is published at the same time in connection with the program of the State Association.

On September 14th at Hope, Idaho, an ecclesiastical council is called for the examination and ordination of Mr. Sherman H. Herbert to the pastorate of the church at Hope. Mr. Herbert is a son of Rev. Joseph Herbert of our church at Natchez, North Yakima and it is believed he will be a very great suc-

cess in rehabilitating and strengthening the work at Hope.

On the 16th of the present month the new church building at Almira will be dedicated and following the State Association meeting there will be a ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new church at Chattaroy on the 22nd of September, and on the 23rd, three councils are called to meet, one at Elk, Wash., another at Milan, Wash., and another at Westbranch. These several places lie adjacent to each other and it is expected that the personnel of each council will be the same and taking perhaps the first council at ten o'clock in the morning and another at two o'clock in the afternoon and the following one in the evening, the whole work can be accomplished during the one day. These churches are all under the pastorate care of Rev. H. E. Anderson, who has been very successful in gathering up the individuals who are interested in Christian work in those several communities.

Rev. J. H. Reid, our State Evangelist, accompanied by Supt. Greene visited recently the town of Prosser, the county seat of Benton county, with the view of exploring the situation there and if it was found favorable to begin a series of meetings which might result in the organization of a Congregational church, but on looking the situation over carefully it was agreed by both parties visiting that it was not wise to enter into that community at present until there had come to be a larger growth of population in the community. There seemed to be a sufficient number of churches already there to do the Christian work and some of them were carrying a debt which the general community did not feel ready as yet to assist in liquidating.

Seattle, September 7, 1906.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Mrs. Eliza Haskell Marsh, the wife of the first president of Pacific University, Forest Grove, died at her home in that city last Friday morning at the age of sixty-five years. She was born in Bloomfield, Ohio, in 1841, and was the daughter of a substantial farmer of that town. She came to Forest Grove in 1860 as the bride of Rev. Sidney Harper Marsh, D.D., and during the whole of her forty-six years of residence there she has been an essential factor in the domestic, social and intellectual life of the community. For several years past she has been an invalid, and hence dependent upon the ministrations of loved ones about her. Through all her trials she has borne up bravely and uncomplainingly, and such has been the sweetness of her spirit that the influence of her life upon those who have had to care for her has been very marked. She leaves behind a fragrant memory of a beautiful, useful and unselfish life. President Marsh died in 1879, having then served as President of Pacific University for twenty-five years. During this eventful period the college was firmly established, and the high ideals of its president so wrought into its very being that it became and still is, the leading private institution in the state today. To President and Mrs. Marsh were born eight children, three of whom survive her, viz.: James Wheelock Marsh, editor of the Hilo Tribune, Hawaii Territory; George Haskell Marsh, deputy clerk in the United States Circuit Court, Portland; Mrs. Winifred Marsh Whittelsey, wife of Professor Theodore Whittelsey, of the Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

It was a pleasure to meet Mr. Ferrier the other day on his tour northward in the interest of The Pacific. The Pacific constituency will rejoice to know that he is meeting with much encouragement.

Our Methodist brethren in Oregon whose "Advocate" has now been published continuously for fifty-one years, have enlarged that paper to meet the demands upon it. They have no thought of giving up, and the idea must not be entertained for one moment that there is any possibility that The Pacific will be suspended.

Vacation is over and the more than 30,000 people who left the city for the sea coast and mountains have been returning for several days, and the next two weeks will find them all at home engaged in their daily round of duties. In their stead thousands from elsewhere have come into the city, and are amazed to think that any one should want to leave Portland for an outing, declaring that this city was an ideal summer resort, as it is most truly. Meanwhile all the activities of the city have been in full blast as never before, with building going on more rapidly than ever, thus disappointing the croaking false prophets of a year ago who stood upon the street corners and said, "Just wait and you will see the biggest collapse in this city before another year rolls around that ever was heard of, and property can be bought for half what it now costs!" The croakers had their day, but in spite of them affairs have gone on most encouragingly, and the foul prophets cannot be found.

Rev. G. E. Morehouse, recently from the East, has been called to the Astoria Church, and began his work there on August 26th. Rev. Howard N. Smith, superintendent of the C. S. S. & P. S., supplied the church a few weeks while he was taking his vacation by the sea.

Rev. Edwin L. House, D.D., began the fifth year of his pastorate last Sunday. In his four years of pastoral work, five hundred new members have been added to the church, and a large and uncomfortable debt paid. The outlook for the progress of the church in all that goes to make up a high type of aggressive Christian work was never brighter than at present. At the service of the holy communion today, ten new members were added to the church, one on confession of faith and nine by letter.

For a few weeks past Mrs. P. B. Chamberlain, of Walla Walla, wife of the pastor of the First Church from 1855 to 18—, has been a regular worshipper in the First Church.

The fall term of Pacific University opens on Sept. 19th. There have been a number of changes in the faculty, but all vacancies have been satisfactorily filled.

Miss Elda Walker, a granddaughter of Mrs. Mary Richardson Walker, one of the missionary women of the American Board, and who came to Oregon in 1838, crossing the plains on horseback, is now instructor in botany in the State University of Nebraska. She is an alumnus of Pacific University.

The estate of the late senator John H. Mitchell of this state shows that he died a poor man, not leaving enough to pay his debts, which aggragate $12,500. The estate only shows a value of $6323.

One day last week a man was tried in the U. S. Circuit Court in this city for taking liquor on to an Indian reservation. Upon being arraigned to receive

his sentence Judge Hunt said, "What is your occupation?" "Saloon business." "Why don't you get out of that business and go to work for a living?" snapped the judge, and then he fined him $25 and a day in jail.

Mrs. Samuel M. Barr, for many years an active worker in the First Church of this city, passed away during the past week after suffering as an invalid for a long time. She was of pioneer ancestry and came to Oregon in 1852.

Mr. Miles Standish Griswold, a California pioneer of 1852, born in Wethersfield, Connecticut, August 31, 1826, died in this city last Friday. He spent one year in California and then came to Oregon, and finally settled at Oysterville, Pacific county, Washington, and for many years was engaged in the oyster and stock business. He descended from Puritan stock; was a radical, positive man in all his convictions, and a Congregationalist to all intents and purposes, although he never united with any church. For the last five years he has resided in Portland and has been a regular attendant at the First Church.

Portland, Sept. 9, 1906.

The Home.

WHAT HAST THOU DONE?

Where is the product of thy brain or hand?
Hast thou sown good seed in this great, broad land?
Hast lightened the burden of any one?
Answer to God before the setting sun—
What hast thou done?

As the sun goes down in the gilded west,
Ere a busy world has taken its rest,
Ask thy conscience ere the night has begun—
And the day its eternal course has run—
What hast thou done?

—Florence Yarrell.

THE TWO HANDLES.

Everything has two handles—one by which it may be borne, another by which it can not.—Epictetus.

There are innumerable cups on the table of life. Some are gilded and beautiful. Some contain bitter mixtures. Others are sweet to the taste. Every man must take such of the cups as are given him. What happens? The most beautiful cup often becomes bitter. The most bitter cup often grows sweet. See how this is!

You can take the morning by the handle of a frown, and the whole day will frown on you; take the stormiest day with a smile, and it will grow pleasant.

Take your work by the handle of reluctance, and it will grow intolerable; you, the same man, take the same work by the handle of willingness, and it becomes easy. Try it!

Take your pleasure by the handle of self-indulgence, and the pleasure is spoiled; take it by the handle of generosity, share it, and it will last.

Take wealth by one handle, and it loads you with cares; take it by the other handle, and see what will happen.

Take your business as a means of getting a living, and it becomes vulgar drudgery; take it as a means of social service, and it will be a noble religion.

Take marriage by the handle of self-will, and it turns out a failure; take it by the handle of love, and you will be more happy every day.

Handle men with distrust, and you will never get on with them; handle them by good-will, and the same men will be your friends.

Take pain by the handle of fear, and you will always have something to suffer; take pain by the handle of courage, and nothing can hurt you.

Take sorrow with self-pity, and you will become too lonely to live; take it by the handle of your sympathy, and your sorrow shall be translated into new power to help all others who suffer.

Take the world by the handle of doubt, and the day grows dark; take it as God's world, and the sun and stars will always be shining.—Rev. Charles F. Dole, in Maxwell's Talisman.

THE ART OF GIVING ADVICE.

Among the gentle arts which might profitably be cultivated, yet in which few excel, high place may be given to the art of giving advice. No little delicacy is requisite in offering suggestions: they may be ill-timed, or intrusive, or superfluous. The person who undertakes to make them may lack experience, or be rash and indiscreet, or blunder into "bringing coals to Newcastle." Occasionally one sees advice urged upon people by friends not half so fit to give as to receive counsel in the matter under consideration.

A good deal of advice in the world belongs to the realm of the market-place. A commercial commodity, it has its recognized value. We go to an expert if we need counsel about something entirely foreign to our knowledge; we accept and gladly pay for advice in legal affairs where property interests are involved, and we seek suggestions if we are about to change our residence and set up our tent in a locality hitherto unexplored by us or our kindred. In these and similar conditions advice is never an impertinence. It is one of the articles which we willingly pay for, and in which we have a conviction of value received.

When advice is given in the household, or in a circle of friends, the situation is in contrast to that which obtains when business advice is asked and given. In every family it is the province of some one by virtue of official standing to give advice. Fathers and mothers, elder brothers and sisters, and privileged friends of the family, give advice to their juniors. The doctor invariably gives it, the minister and the Sunday-school teacher probably do something in this line, and kind neighbors at intervals express opinions with a freedom which savors of counsel. If advice is accompanied by tact, it seldom arouses opposition, but it needs to be a sugar-coated pill. The girl in her teens, the boy approaching twenty, the young people who are beginning to find that they can not live contentedly unless some beloved object becomes their own, the mother who fusses too much about the health of a darling only child, the invalid who is engrossed with fancied aches and pains, may all and each resent advice. Even children at times grow tired of it, and confide to one another that they prefer people who let them alone to others who are "always meddling." Truly the art of giving advice is one which requires considerable thought and study, if it is to be practiced with success.

In a family group there is sometimes a sweet young girl who is the center of observation, and the adored treasure of all in the home. This girl is so

tenderly cherished that every one feels it needful to advise her for her good—if she is going out she must put on her furs and her overshoes; if she is staying in she must sit with her back to the light and must beware of a dress that is too thick or too thin. If a neighbor lad happens to call on her in a friendly way, the family hover about in timed anxiety lest perchance his call may mean more than friendship, and their precious one begin to be foolishly enamored. Advice of a strenuous nature not called for and not desired has prematurely lighted the fire of love at many a hearth. There are people so constituted that if you say "Don't," they immediately say "Do." A girl confided to me that she had learned the art of getting her own way with her father. "I always urge papa to do what I hope he will refuse. He may be counted on to go in the opposite direction, if only we seem in earnest in begging him to go the other way." I doubted the propriety of the case, but recognized the human nature.

Never to give advice unsought may be too sweeping a rule, but never to give it where the giving is an affront and an intrusion is obviously wise. Most households would get on much more pleasantly if the amount of advice needlessly bestowed therein could be reduced to its lowest term.—Christian Intelligencer.

WHAT THE HOME MEANS TO THE NATION.

A noble nation of ignoble households is impossible. Our greatest peril today is in the decline of domestic morality, discipline and piety. The degradation of the poor by over-crowding in great tenements and the enervation of the rich by seclusion in luxurious palaces, threaten the purity and vigor of old-fashioned American family life. If it vanishes, nothing can take its place.

Show me a home where the tone of life is selfish, disorderly or trivial, jaundiced by averice, frivolized by fashion, or poisoned by moral skepticism; where success is worshipped and righteousness ignored; where there are two consciences, one for private and one for public use; where the boys are permitted to believe that religion has nothing to do with citizenship and that their object must be to get as much as possible from the State and to do as little as possible for it; where the girls are suffered to think that because they have no votes they have therefore no duties to the commonwealth and that the crowning glory of an American woman's life is to marry a foreigner with a title—show me such a home and I will show you a breeding place of enemies of the Republic.

To the hands of women the ordinance of nature has committed the trust of training men for their country's service. A great general like Napoleon may be produced in a military school. A great diplomatist like Metternich may be developed in a court, A great philosopher like Hegel may be evolved in a university. But a great man like Washington can come only from a pure and noble home.—Henry Van Dyke.

THE EVERYDAY WOMAN.

She is not a genius, this plain person who keeps the wheels of life moving. Just a well-balanced friend who goes on her daily rounds. Geniuses are often eccentric and can do great things, but some of them don't like to peel potatoes nor put on a patch. We never feel afraid of the everyday woman, for she does not criticise our English nor ask us the reason why we do things, "thus and so." As a rule, this plain woman does not aim to be brilliant or great. She is no smarter nor richer than we are, and is a real obliging friend. She is like ourselves and enjoys the common joys of life, and "weeps with those who weep." She is full of sympathy, and we don't hesitate to tell her our troubles. My lady is not always "consumed with cares," and is willing to cook a good dinner for the chance guest without grumbling.

I am afraid that the plain, commonplace people in life are not half appreciated. We could never do without them. The beautiful woman is admired, the woman of intellect is respected; singers, inventors, philanthropists, are praised, but what of the plain toiler in the calico gown?

Abraham Lincoln voiced the sentiments of many when he said: "The Lord must have liked the common peolpe well, or he wouldn't have made so many of them."—Kitty Summer.

The Quiet Hour.

MARCH ON, MY SOUL.

March on, my soul, nor like a laggard stay.
March swiftly on, yet err not from the way
Where all the nobly wise of old have trod—
The path of faith made by the sons of God.

Follow and honor what the past has gained.
The narrow, cloud-swept track to be thy guide;
Follow the honor what the past has gained,
And forward still, that more may be attained.

Something to learn and something to forget;
Hold fast the good and seek the better yet;
Press on, and prove the pilgrim-hope of youth,
That creeds are milestones on the road to Truth.

—Henry Van Dyke.

THE SECOND MILE.

Rev. G. H. Morrison.

"Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." (Matt. 5. 41.)

It has been said that the best of all teachers is he who can turn an ear into an eye. That is, the man who enables us to see a thing, who helps us to picture it in our imagination, impresses the truth on us as no other can. Now that was singularly true of Jesus. He turned the ear into the eye continually. He seldom argued; seldom diccussed a point. He did not lead men forward by the steps of logic. He saw, and, like the poet, made men see. He lit up the eternal things as with a flashlight. And, doubtless, that is one—one out of many reasons—why after the revolution of the centuries, we are turning to the teaching of Jesus still.

Here, then, is one of the little pictures that Jesus hung in the inspired picture gallery. "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." There was not a woman in the crowd but understood, perhaps tried to carry it out, as she went homeward. A simple rule for a very simple duty—they could obey that, at least, if nothing else. And only gradually it would dawn on them that there was a wealth of meaning in the picture; that there was a principle behind the rule; that there was a truth to be endless-

ly expanded. And they would begin then to be aware that this Jesus had been a royal teacher.

Now, do you see the principle involved? I take it that the principle is this. In all life there is a certain distance we must go. In every activity and energy of man there is a certain limit we must reach to live. By the structure of our bodies, by the laws of nature, by the demands of business, by the call of duty, by the requirements of society and of our souls, we are compelled—so far. But liberty and joy and real life begin, when beyond that—we go a little farther. In other words, there are certain demands made on us; no man escapes them, not even the humblest or poorest. Up to a certain point we must obey; we have no choice; it is a universe of law. But Christ says that beyond that life commences, true life, with the breath of liberty upon it. And that is the sweet doctrine of the second mile.

To put it otherwise, our text is like a parable of the mysterious change of duty into love. The first mile, that is the call of duty. The second mile, that is love's overplus. For love in action is duty glorified. Love is the fulfilling of the law. Here is a matron, for example, a good woman, who has been set in charge of little motherless children. And she is nobly faithful to her task; the bitterest critic—and such women have many—could never accuse her of the least unfaithfulness. She goes to the last step of the first mile. But, in place of the matron, just suppose the mother, who never thought of duty or of conscience, but whose heart is radiant with that amazing love of the true mother for her little children; and the mother—she has forgotten the first mile, she is away on the new mile every new morning. Love leads her to a thousand little services that the call of duty never could demand. She lives for her children; I suppose she would die for them; it is not conscience that carries her to that. Love is the secret. Love always is the secret of the second mile. It is the heart kindled with some affection; it is the touch of passion on the soul; it is the heightening of the cold power of will into the flame of affection and desire—it is that that carries the man beyond what is compelled, into the liberty wherewith Christ has made him free!

You see then at once that that second mile is really the type and emblem of Christianity. It is just the distinguishing difference between the Old Testament and the New. In the Old Testament I hear the note of compulsion—thou shalt do this, and thou shalt not do that. In the Old Testament my duty is laid down for me under the highest sanction of the divine. But in the New Testament life is not mapped like that. The heart is moved by the sight of the love of God to a new ardor of love for God and man. And it is that change of duty into love that has sent the world forward into the second mile. Are you always asking how little can I do? You are still living on Old Testament levels. But have you begun to ask how much? Then you are entering the New Testament mile. For love is not forced; love does not calculate; love does not narrow service to its lowest. Love gives, goes to the uttermost, forgets the mile-stones. And that is the spirit of Jesus and the gospel.—From "The Gentle Art of Making Happy."

No man can long stand the test of being let alone. To remain undistrubed too long means to sink or travel in a rut. And the person who is in a rut seldom knows it. Therefore the Lord arranges that we shall be jolted out, and it is good for us that we should, though it is seldom pleasant at the time. The difference between people is that some grumblingly complain at the disturbance, and try to crawl back into the rut as quickly as possible, while others have the good sense to shake themselves together, rub their eyes, rejoice at the jolt that got them on to new ground, and then try to stay there.

There is only one safe custodian of our lives. We cannot divide ownership of ourselves with Jesus Christ. He must have all the keys or he can use none. It is futile to enter upon his service with any chambers of our being locked against him. It means failure to begin a day's work with our plans for that day so fixed that we will not listen to the change which his plans for us may demand. Anything short of entire surrender to him means defeat. Unconditional surrender means victory. Only when the keys are all in the Saviour's keeping is the fortress safe against the enemy. And the wonder is, why we should hesitate to trust him with all. For there is no joy in life that equals that which comes from the victory of self-surrender.

Certainly, in our own little sphere it is not the most active people to whom we owe the most. Among the common people whom we know it is not necessarily those who are the busiest, not those who, meteor-like, are ever on the rush after some visible charge and work. It is the lives like the stars, which simply pour down to us the calm light of their bright and faithful being, up to which we look and out of which gather the deepest calm and courage.—Phillips Brooks.

AS YOUR FAITH IS.

Never talk or think of failure as adversity. Be determined to succeed, and permit no thought nor word to suggest anything else. No matter if things today go wrong. This shall also pass away. The world is your friend, though it may seem at times to be against you. The world seems to be against you because you have not met the world in the right way. Change yourself. Be a friend to everybody—the whole world. Expect everybody to be good to you, and desire constantly to be of real service to man. And ere long fate will change. Believe that everybody is against you, and you rub them all the wrong way. Know that the true side of mankind is a true friend to every aspiring soul, and then place yourself in touch with the ideal in man; meet only his better side, and your life, as well as the life of the world, is made richer thereby. Never think nor speak of failure nor adversity. Think success, speak success, breathe success, attract success, live success and be saturated through and through with absolute faith in your own success. Believe that the whole world is for you, that nothing is against you; and as your faith is, so shall it be unto you.—Eternal Progress.

PLEASANT THOUGHTS.

How careful we should be to guard our thoughts! If they are pleasant, we will have pleasant faces and kind ways. We will gain treasures for days of adversity, upon which we can draw when other sources of enjoyment fail. Old age will be happy through them, for they will be used as material from which to build homes of refuge wherein we find comfort and delight when the windows are dark-ened and we are forced to keep company most of our time with what is within us. When stormed by the outward things

of this life, or when weakness forbids the use of what made up the happiness of active life, we can retire to the soul, and, finding it full of pleasant thoughts of God and immortality, therein be safe and happy. By the will which God has given you, and which he stands pledged to strengthen if you will use its power from day to day, you can have divine help in the control of your thoughts.

THOU SHALT KNOW HEREAFTER.

God keeps a school for his children here on earth and one of his best teachers is disappointment. My friend, when you and I reach our Father's house, we shall look back and see that the sharp voiced, rough visaged teacher, disappointment, was one of the best guides to train us for it. He gave us hard lessons; he often used the rod; he often led us in thorny paths; he sometimes stripped off a load of luxuries; but that only made us travel the freer and the faster on our heavenward way. He sometimes led us down into the valley of the death shadow; but never did the promises read so sweetly as when spelled out by the eye of faith in that very valley. Nowhere did he lead us so often, or teach us such sacred lessons, as at the cross of Christ. Dear, old, rough-handed teacher! We will build a monument to thee, and crown it with garlands, and inscribe on it: "Blessed be the memory of disappointment."—Theodore Cuyler.

Young People.

THE LITTLE WHITE CLOUD.

What are you doing, white little cloud,
Up in the heavens, sailing so proud?

Helping my brothers, here in the blue,
Hide the hot sunshine, baby, from you.

Where are you going, flying so slow?
White cloud so lazy, I'd like to know.

Gathering raindrops out of the air,
For the poor flowers dying down there.
—From "Little Poems for Little Children."

A BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF.

John Brent was trimming his hedge, and the snip, snip of his shears was a pleasant sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly-kept lawn, in the center of which stood his residence, a handsome, massive, modern structure, which had cost him no less than $90,000.

Just beyond the hedge was a public sidewalk, and two boys stopped opposite to where he was at work, he on the one side of the hedge and they on the other.

"Hello," Fred! That's a very handsome tennis racquet," one of them said. "You paid about seven dollars for it, didn't you?"

"Only six, Charlie," was the reply.

"Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?"

"I sold it to Willie Robbins for one dollar and a half," replied Fred.

"Well, now, that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given you three dollars for it."

"You are too late," replied Fred. "I have promised it to Willie."

"Oh! you only promised it to him, eh! And he's simply promised to pay for it, I suppose? I'll give you three dollars cash for it."

"I can't do it, Charlie."

"You can if you want to. A dollar and a half more isn't to be sneezed at."

"Of course not," admitted Fred, "and I'd like to have it, only I promised the racquet to Willie."

"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him that I offered you another time as much more, and that will settle it."

"No, Charlie," gravely replied the other boy; "that will not settle it, neither with Willie nor with me. I can not disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racquet is his, even if it hasn't been delivered."

"Oh let him have it," retorted Charles, angrily. "Fred Fenton, I will not say that you are a chump, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man. You are too punctilious."

John Brent overheard the conversation, and he stepped to a gap in the hedge in order to get a look at the boy who had such a righ regard for his word.

"The lad has a good face, and is made of the right sort of stuff," was the millionaire's mental comment. "He places a proper value upon integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is punctilious."

The next day while he was again working on his hedge, John Brent overehard another conversation. Fred Fenton was again a participant in it.

"Fred, let us go over to the circus lot," the other boy said. "The men are putting up the tents for the afternoon performance."

"No, Joe; I'd rather not," Fred said.

"But why?"

"On account of the profanity. One never hears anything good on such occasions, and I would advise you not to go. My mother would not want me to go."

"Did she say you shouldn't?"

"No, Joe."

"Then let us go. You will not be disobeying her orders."

"But I will be disobeying her wishes," insisted Fred. "No, I'll not go."

"That is another good point in that boy," thought John Brent. "A boy who respects his mother's wishes very rarely goes wrong."

Two months later John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory, and there were at least a dozen applicants.

"I can simply take your names and residences this morning," he said. "I'll make inquiries about you, and notify the one whom I conclude to select."

"What is your name?" he asked, as he glanced at the fourth boy.

"Fred Fenton, sir," was the reply.

John Brent remembered the name and the boy. He looked at him keenly, a pleased smile crossing his face.

"You can stay," he said. I've been suited sooner than I expected to be," he added, looking at the other boys and dismissing them with a wave of his hand.

"Why did you take me?" asked Fred, in surprise. "Why were inquiries not necessary in my case? You do not know me."

"I know you better than you think I do," John Brent said, with a significant smile.

"But I offered you no recommendations," suggested Fred.

"My boy, it wasn't necessary," replied John Brent. "I overheard you recommend yourself," and as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the two conversations he had overheard.

This is a true story.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE FIGHT UNDER THE HILL.

"Hamilton Cross your page of English has four mistakes in it; I shall mark you six. Frank Shellman, you have only one; I will mark you nine. That will do; the class may go to their seats."

These two English exercises were the last twenty that Miss Mary Ridgely had been correcting; she held them togetheer in her hand until she made the marks in her book, and then gave them back to the scholars.

In another five minutes the bell had tapped, and Miss Ridgeley's school was out for the day.

"I don't see where I have any four mistakes," said Hamilton Cross, knitting his brows together over his exercise. The rest of the scholars had tossed their papers into towsled desks and were already off, except Frank, who was hunting for his geography. "I've a great mind to go after Miss Ridgely," said Hamilton, who was a careful scholar, and did not like low marks.

"You'll have to hurry then, old chap," said Frank, seizing his recovered book and making for the door; "Miss Specs is as far away as the stone fence already."

"Oh, bother! Let it go!" exclaimed Hamilton, fretfully, banging his desk-lid and hurrying off to join the baseball game that was organizing. Frank set out for home, but it was not until the schoolyard gate clicked behind him that an uncomfortable thought startled him into an exclamation of surprise.

"I wonder, now?" he said to himself, shifting his load of books uneasily from one arm to the other, and looking bothered.

"Pshaw! it's not my business, anyhow," and, whistling a brave tune, Frank broke into a run which soon brought him to his father's gate. There Lance met him and nearly licked the skin off his hands for joy.

Frank was rather quieter than usual at dinner.

"Frank, let's go fishing this afternoon," said his little sister.

"I don't care to go," answered Frank.

"You can go with me to see the baseball game, if you choose," said his big brother Tom.

"No; I don't feel like it," answered the little boy. His mother looked at him anxiously, wondering if he was sick. No; his eyes were clear and bright, his cheeks rosy and full. Frank did not know himself why he felt so downhearted and dull, but he had his suspicions; he knew conscience was a terrible tease when a fellow was not doing exactly right, and he felt very cross with his conscience.

He slipped away after dinner, with only Lance following, and went off to the grassy hillside that sloped down to the brook; there he lay on his back, with straw hat tilted over his face, for a long, long time. Lance wondered, as far as a shaggy little head like Lance's can wonder, what kept his young master idle so long that bright afternoon.

Ah, Lance, he was not idle by any means. He was fighting a battle—fighting a hard battle, though there were no guns heard, no shouts of victory, nothing but the humming of bees in the trees.

Suddenly Frank whirled over on his elbows, with heels in the air. "Lance!" he cried suddenly; and doggie, thinking something was expected of him, at once assumed his most gentlemanly attitude—"Lance, it's mighty easy to do mean things, old fellow! You needn't look sheepish, Lance. I don't mean you this time, though you did eat pussy's breakfast this morning . I mean your humble servant, Master Frank D. Shellman. Come, Lance! Let's go after Miss Mary this very minute, and tell her she got my exercise and Hampie's mixed, and that I am six and he is nine."

I fancy the great angel Truth walked along with Frank unseen, but crowned with laurels, having won the fight under the hill.—E. P. Allen.

HOW SMALL BIRDS MAKE LONG JOURNEYS

It has often been asked how small and weak birds manage to fly sich enormous distances when migrating. As a rule, however, says an exchange, small birds that have come vary far across the sea have not flown, but have been blown over during violent gales, and many of them arrive on land in a half dead condition.

In fair weather small birds make long journeys successfully over considerable tracts of ocean, but the reason is that they are carried on the backs of the larger ones. When passing an autumn in Crete a writer asserts that he distinctly heard a twittering of small birds when flocks of sand cranes were passing overhead on their way to southern shores. On another occasion, when firing a gun, he saw three small birds rise from the flock and disappear again among the cranes. A native priest assured him that they came over from Europe with them, while it has been found that small birds, never before seen in certain parts, have been brought thither at times of migration.

Another cause is that small birds do not make their journeys in one flight. They generally rest during the day searching for food, and thus procced to their destination by easy stages.

SOME QUEER TREES.

Among the curiosities of tree life is the sofar, or whistling tree of Nubia. When the winds blow over this tree it gives out flute-like sounds, playing away to the wilderness for hours at a time strange, weird melodies. It is the spirits of the dead singing among the branches, the natives say, but the scientific white man says that the sounds are due to a myriad of small holes which an insect bores in the spines of the branches.

The weeping tree of the Canary Islands is another arboreal freak. This tree in the driest weather will rain down showers from its leaves, and the natives gather up the water from the pool formed at the foot of the trunk and find it pure and fresh. The tree exudes the water from innumerable pores, situated at the base of the leaves.

SOME RIDDLES, NEW AND OLD.

Which is swifter, heat or cold? Heat, because you can catch cold.

Why does a Russian soldier wear brass buttons on his coat, and an Austrian soldier wear steel ones? To keep his coat buttoned.

What is the difference between an old cent and a new dime? Nine cents.

When is a bee a great nuisance? When it is a humbug.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is hard to get up, the other is hard to get down.

Why is a lazy dog like a hill? Because he is a slow pup (slope up).

A man and goose once went up in a baloon together, the baloon burst and they landed on a church steeple. How did the man get down? Plucked the goose.

Why is a professional thief very comfortable? Because he usually takes things so easy.

Why is A like honeysuckle? Because B. follows it.

CURRENT EVENT AND COMMENT.

The British army is composed as follows: English seventy per cent, Irish twenty, Scotch eight, Colonial two.

Telegraph poles in full blossom are to be seen in Uganda. The wires are strung on a species of fig tree, which has extraordinary powers of germination.

Rats in Yokohama are difficult to exterminate. Among the poorer classes they are regarded as messengers of the deity, Good Luck, and they are therefore protected from harm.

In the earlier ages the Romans used neither saddles nor stirrups. Saddles were in use in the third century, and were mentioned as made of leather in 304 A. D. They were known in England about 600 A. D. Anne, queen of Richard II., introduced side saddles for ladies.

The First Telegraph Instrument.—Samuel W. Chubbuck, born in Vermont 106 years ago, and died in Utica, N. Y., in 1875, is said to have made the first telegraph instrument ever manufactured. He was, besides a manufacturer, a collector of coins and scientific instruments, at one time having a coin collection valued at $30,000.

It is sometimes necessary to preserve papers such as manuscripts that have been exposed to infection. You can disinfect papers without damaging them, by either of two easy methods: Pour a little alcohol on a piece of sulphur, and burn them on a brick or flat stone, laying the papers near them, and covering all with an inverted stone jar, so as to secure the fumes; or soak the papers in a two-per-cent, solution of carbolic acid and water.

Physical Diagnosis in Medicine.—For about fifteen years before Napoleon became the virtual head of France (in 1799), Dr. Jean Nicolas Corvisart had practiced breast-tapping, getting little but abuse from his fellow-practitioners. When Bonaparte selected him for his physician, Corvisart surprised him by tapping his chest by way of examination. The new method came into instant vogue, and thus was laid the foundation of modern physical diagnosis in medicine.

Early life of the Cary Sisters.—Alice and Phoebe Cary were among the best known literary people of New York. They were born near Cincinnati. Their step-mother was unsympathetic with their literary aspirations. Sometimes she refused the use of candles to the extent of their wishes, and the device of a saucer of lard with a bit of rag for a wick was their only light after the rest of the family had retired. The household library in those years, Phoebe says, consisted only of a Bible, a hymn-book, "History of the Jews," "Lewis and Clark's Travels," "Pope's Essays," "Charlotte Temple," and a novel called "The Black Penitents." Alice wrote prose and verse for the press for ten years without compensation. In 1852 they went to New York, where they succeeded.

A naturalist writes in passionate anger of the readiness with which the sportsman destroys the types of wild beasts still found in South America. He says: "Like immortal flowers they have drifted down to us on the ocean of time, and their strangeness and beauty bring to our imaginations a dream and a picture of that unknown world, immeasurably far removed, where man was not, and when they perish something of gladness goes out of nature, and the sunshine loses something of its brightness." Nature, with all its varied forms of life and its bewildering beauty, is not ours only; it is ours for a season, and we have no right to hand to others a world less beautiful than we found. But it is truly said that the motto of our day ought to be, "Let us slay all noble and beautiful things, for to-morrow we die."

Port Costa Seamen's Institute.—Whenever any vessels are in the little "port" of Port Costa, the crews invariably find their way to the Seamen's Institute, although in some cases this necessitates a walk of three or four miles. When a man has been six months at sea he is naturally keen to see fresh faces and to have some relaxation, and consequently many a man makes his way up the hillside to the "sky-sail" Mission to have a game of billiards, read the latest papers, or write a letter to the old people at home. Every evening closes with family prayers, or a short service in the beautiful little chapel, and many letters received from old friends, now far away, testify to the lasting good achieved by this homely little Institute.

THE MILLION DOLLAR CAMPAIGN.

The latest advices by associated press announce that $913,369 had been raised Sept. 10th, that the opportunity to secure the balance was to be extended to Oct. 9, that $40,650 was already pledged conditional upon raising the $45,111 needed to complete the million. It looks as if the goal might be reached by the time the annual meeting is called to order about the Haystack Monument.

The Pacific coast has contributed nobly. The whole district has made a gain of $10,000 over last year; an increase of 33 1-3 per cent.

Six churches in the Bay Association of Northern California have so far passed the million dollar line that their gifts bring the average of an resident membership in their group of churches up to $2.18 cents each. Even the stricken churches of San Francisco are only one hundred dollars behind their offerings of last year. The churches of Washington have doubled last year's gifts, and the whole of Southern California is well beyond the million dollar line.

If any church or individual who has not had a part or as large a part as they wish in this consecrated million will send their offering to Secty. H. M. Tenney, Barker Block, Berkeley by Sept. 27, they will be credited on this Centennial fund.

THE WRONG TIME.

A learned cousel in an English law case in which property of varsays "Tit-Bits," made a long and rambling speech, in which he referred to each kind in turn. His monotnous delivery had sent nearly every one to sleep, when he startled them by exclaiming:

"My lord, I will now address myself to the furniture!"

"You have been doing that for some time, sir, I think," remarked the judge, amid general laughter.

Now there was another judge who heard this witticism, and not having a ready wit of his own, he stored it up for future reference. At last he heard a similar case in his won court, in which, however, the property involved was not furniture but live stock. When the counsel began to speak he was alert for his opportunity. It came.

"My lord," said the lawyer, "I will now address myself to the donkey."

"I think you have been doing that for some time past," siad the judge. A roar of laughter went up from the hearers, in which the judge joined; but when he told the story to his wife that evening, she explained it for him.

"Is it necessary to enclose stamps?" asked the poet.

"More necessary, even, than to enclose poetry," responded the editor.—St. Joseph News-Press.

How many times has your hasband been under the knife?" "Dear me, I don't know; but he's become so accustomed to it that he lies down to be operated upon every time he sees a doctor."—Chicago Record-Union.

LITERARY TOPSY TURVIES.

If Howells were Jack London
And wrote of dogs and fights;
If Tarkington were Riley,
And tried poetic flights;
If Twain were Mrs. Rorer,
And wrote of grub and sooks—
If all these changes happened
Would people read more books?

If Dunne were Mrs. Freeman,
And Dooley an ald maid;
If Page were Owen Wister,
And Cable were George Ade;
If White were C. T. Brady,
Now tell me this, gadzooks!—
If all these changes happened,
Would people read more books?

Would Kipling lose his gripling
If he were Henry James?
If Conlan Doyle were Phillpotts
Who'd play detective games?
If Conrad were Corelli,
Who'd write of ropes and hooks--
If all these changes happened,
Would people read more books?
—Denver Republican.

"My dear sir," pretested the eminent Senator, "I try to take a broad view of every public question."

"I notice you always stand on both sides of it," said the dissatisfied constituent.—Chicago Tribune.

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